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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

THE
GIST
OF IT.

The application for an order restraining the Park Commissioners from excluding wheelmen from the Speedway was denied, with very scant attention, yesterday by Justice McLean, of the Supreme Court.

"The whole matter is under the jurisdiction of the Park Commissioners," said the Justice.

Oh, no, it isn't. At least not finally, nor under the jurisdiction of any court, fortunately. It is ultimately under the jurisdiction of the people—that greater court whose decisions, if expressed through lawful forms, must overrule the decision of any court and the act of any legislature.

This is the question on which the people must decide:

Shall a public work, built at a cost of \$8,000,000, be held for the exclusive enjoyment of the limited class of individuals who are able to keep or to hire fast trotters?

If the people will be as quick to resent the expenditure of this huge sum for the exclusive benefit of the millionaire horsemen as the latter would be to oppose an appropriation of \$8,000,000 for public baths, or a "People's Pleasure Palace" in the tenement house districts, the Speedway will be thrown open to all in record-breaking time.

A
FRIGHTENED
SLANDERER.

The treasonable and criminal World is amazed at the storm it has raised by its charge that the Seventy-first Regiment, New York Volunteers, showed cowardice at the battle of San Juan. It eagerly sought an opportunity to slander foully a body of brave men fighting for their country, which is not the World's country. A cloud of witnesses having arisen to repel and disprove utterly an accusation worthy of Spanish malice, Mr. Pulitzer awakens to the impolicy of his base conduct and seeks to evade the consequences.

Not being an American, Mr. Pulitzer was unable to foresee the hurricane of indignation that would greet his wanton aspersions upon American courage. Not being an American, he now fancies that by clamorous false denials, abject prostrations and attempts to shift an unshiftable responsibility he can escape the punishment due his crime.

Result: Contempt is added to the popular anger.

For an open enemy Americans can feel respect. They can even give a certain tolerance to a bold reviler who stands to his guns. But for a crawling, mercy-begging creature who drops to his knees the moment his slanders boomerang upon him, they are too masculine to feel anything but scornful loathing.

JUSTICE
RAMPANT IN
JERSEY.

In the Supreme Court of New Jersey Justice Gummere set aside a verdict against a street railroad company for \$5,000 damages for killing a child on the ground that the amount was excessive. "Children," said this profound jurist, "are an expense as a rule and not a pecuniary benefit to their parents."

Logically, therefore, the Jersey City Consolidated Traction Company has a good claim for compensation from Abraham L. Graham for its services in relieving him of this burden by killing his expensive five-year-old.

Has Justice Gummere any children of his own? If he has, would he be willing to have them slaughtered for \$5,000 apiece?

There are enough stupidities and barbarities in the law without having new ones imported into it by unfeeling judicial asses. Such a verdict as that which the New Jersey luminary considers excessive has three main objects. First, and most important, it is an admonition to railroads to treat human life with respect. Second, it is meant to furnish some slight and necessarily inadequate solace to the feelings of the bereaved family of the victim. Third, it is designed to furnish compensation for the pecuniary damage incurred by the loss of a breadwinner, and by a legal fiction this principle of compensation is extended to cover the cases of children who have no present earning capacity. The Jersey Justice confines himself to the legal fiction in its narrowest aspect and ignores all the more important sides of the case.

THE CUBANS
AT
SANTIAGO.

We can readily understand that the Cuban forces in the neighborhood of Santiago are a source of embarrassment to General Shafter. Their natural feeling that what is lost to Spain belongs first to Cuba, and the fierce hatred, the lust for bloody vengeance, which years of cruel suffering at Spanish hands have kindled in their bosoms, make it difficult for the American commander to follow the precedents of civilized warfare, and to re-establish order in the conquered territory, with the least possible delay.

Much should be forgiven the Cubans and much conceded to them. They have fought long and endured much in the service of the republic which they hope to establish. Their flag has been for three years their symbol of liberty and hope in the midst of imprisonment and death. They are right in urging that where the Stars and Stripes fly it should wave, and so far as it shall be possible without going beyond the directions of Congress which refused to recognize the Cuban republic, the United States officers should yield to this natural desire.

We think that if the military authorities of the United States will keep these facts well in mind they will have no inclination to do the Cuban patriots less than justice.

DESPOTISM
APPLAUDING
REVOLUTIONS.

It is interesting to read of the war ships in Manila Harbor celebrating with bunting and guns the anniversary of a deed of riot and revolution—the Fall of the Bastille.

Even the German war ships—which should recognize the flag of the Philippine revolutionists—were gallantly decorated on that Fourteenth of July in commemoration of the moment when the Paris people first showed a liking for the spectacle of the towers of tyranny in ruins, and the heads of aristocrats on pikes.

Revolutionary holidays ought to be sternly repressed or at least discouraged by autocracies. International courtesy is all very well, but emperors and kings should understand that when their subjects become accustomed to see the days on which other nations throw off the chains of government by divine right enthusiastically celebrated they are likely to set up a like holiday of their own. One hundred years ago the peoples of all Europe were exhorted to look upon the Fourth and the Fourteenth of July with plous reprobation and horror as days on which two turbulent and fatuous nations, carried away by anarchistic leaders, profanely affronted God by discarding His especially selected rulers. That was the logical position for the monarchs of Europe to take. They would better cling to it still, lest by celebrating their subjects with the happy results of revolution they invite an outbreak at their own palace gates.

WHAT THE WAR
HAS DONE FOR US.

This war has cost money and blood—not as much as the timid Small Americans predicted when they tried to scare us out of entering upon it, but more than we should willingly expend for any light return. What have we to show for our sacrifices?

FREEDOM EXTENDED.

First, of course, we have the prime object of the war—the rescue of the Cubans from a savage, murderous tyranny that was rapidly exterminating their race. That is being splendidly accomplished, and with it are coming other achievements of the same kind. Peace and liberty are dawning for the tortured people of the Philippines, and Porto Rico is about to begin a new life under the American flag. We have added two hundred thousand square miles of the earth's surface—an area as great as that of France—to the domain of civilization and humanity.

NATIONAL REUNION.

And in doing this for others we have won rich rewards for ourselves. The Buddhist saint in "The Light of Asia" finds that—

Seeking nothing, he gains all;
Foregoing self, the universe grows "I."

We began a holy war for humanity, and it has loaded us with national benefits. First, and more than all else, it has completely restored, or rather for the first time fully created, that national unity that was shattered by our civil war, but which never was perfect even before that. There never was a day in our history, from the Fourth of July, 1776, until April 21, 1898, when the evil spirit of sectionalism was so thoroughly subdued as it is at this moment. North and South were cordial allies in 1776, reluctant ones in 1812 and 1845, and enemies in 1861, but never until now have they been in the fullest sense brothers. That consummation alone repays us a hundred fold for all the money and the lives we have spent in this war.

MILITARY LESSONS.

Our experience with Spain has saved us from a great disaster. It has taught us the defects in our military organization of which before only the experts were conscious. When the Secretary of War could say that in case of need he could put a million men, thoroughly equipped, into the field in thirty days, the masses of the people might be excused for entertaining a similar belief. The discovery that we needed two months to get twenty thousand men ready to take the field, and that even then we had to send them off without artillery or horses, was a priceless lesson, and cheaply learned. If we had been compelled to learn it in the face of a coalition of France and Germany we should have had to go through an abyss of humiliation. As it is, we have had our lesson in safety, sheltered from Spanish attack behind an invincible fleet. When peace returns we shall have a military organization as good for war as for parade; we shall be able to mobilize a quarter of a million men, properly officered and equipped with modern arms and smokeless powder, at twenty-four hours' notice, and then we shall be ready to talk to any European power or combination of powers with cool confidence.

A MIGHTY NAVY.

Before the war we kept a little navy for pet. Now we have learned the supreme value of sea power for a nation situated as ours is, and henceforth we shall have a mighty navy as our trusty watchdog. We have seen hundreds of thousands of trained Spanish soldiers watch in helpless rage the creation of an army by an enemy practically unarmed on land, but safe from attack because superior in strength at sea. If we had been facing a military power with a navy stronger than ours, what would have become of us? Spain's fate has been our warning, and we shall profit by it.

ENLARGED HORIZONS.

The crash of war has lifted the people of the United States out of themselves, and made them for the first time distinctly aware of the existence of the rest of the world. They have suddenly realized that this Union, vast and all-embracing as it seems to one within its borders, contains only one-fiftieth of the land surface and one-twentieth of the population of the globe. Outside countries, which formerly appeared as a mere vague aureole about the central American sun, now take on a substance of their own. The popular interest in petty politics has withered, and the mind that can grasp the problems of world relations is the one that will influence the American people hereafter.

DISCOVERY OF A FRIEND.

In the flash of the guns we have scanned the faces of the nations, and amid a crowd of scowling countenances we have discerned a friend. It is one unsuspected by many—none other than our "hereditary enemy," England. The discovery that Great Britain really wishes to be on good terms with us straightens out many tangled skeins. It simplifies the problem of our northern frontier, relieves our seaport cities of all apprehensions of possible naval attacks, and enables us to face the remnants of the European Concert with equanimity. We need not ask whether self-interest mingles with England's friendship. Naturally it does, and fortunately so, for common interests make the only solid basis for co-operation between nations.

INCREASED ESTEEM ABROAD.

The contrast between the tone of the Continental press and politicians three months ago and that of the same critics now is a measure of the advance our national reputation has made through war. Before Manila we were generally regarded abroad as a nation of blustering braggarts. The common opinion was that we were a sordid race of dollar hunters, and that we could not fight if we tried, and did not dare to try, but the possibility that this idea might be a mistake made the nations hesitate to test it. It was left for Spain to bell the cat, and the results of her experiment have given her neighbors a vast and wholesome respect for our peace-loving and hard-hitting Republic.

NATIONAL SELF-RESPECT.

Finally, we have learned to respect ourselves. Absorbed in the material side of life, seeing nothing but the scramble of self-seeking politicians for the spoils of office, the squalid rivalries of business and the successful plots of corporations, syndicates and trusts against the public welfare, we had begun to take a cynical view of our national character, and to accustom ourselves to the thought that perhaps we might be entering upon our decadence. Thank God, that black dream is over. We have awakened to the knowledge that our nation is not only bigger than ever before, but greater, sounder and more heroic. Dewey, Schley, Hobson, Bagley, the sailors, the Rough Riders, the Regulars, the Volunteers—all the gallant Americans that have carried the Stars and Stripes to victory have made us proudly realize that we are "citizens of no mean city."

Earth's biggest country's found her soul,
And rises up earth's greatest nation.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR
REFUTES SLANDERS ON
NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

WASHINGTON, July 20.

New York Journal:

We have no official information of the charges of cowardice you refer to and do not believe a word of it.

R. A. ALGER,

Secretary of War.

ONE OF THE
WISE
IN HARD LUCK.

The gods are momentarily unkind to Ichangier de Cola. Born a Parsee and acquiring all the ancient wisdom of his people, he yet for a time retained an open mind, and when the simple theology of the Christian was presented to him he cast aside the errors of Zoroastrianism. Then he left Bombay, and after various vicissitudes reached this new land, where in the robes of his forfeited caste he lectured on esoteric culture and organized classes for the study of the profound art of introspection.

By exclusive devotion to this art Ichangier de Cola became one of a rather numerous company in the United States. He grew to believe that there was nothing more for him to learn, lost cognizance of the external world and gave his days and nights to ecstatic contemplation of the moral and mental riches within himself. Had he not developed homicidal tendencies he would have passed as an ordinary Mugwump. As it is, he has been taken to Bellevue on a charge of lunacy, and the doctors there say he is a fascinating instance of auto-suggestion or self-hypnotism.

If the condition of self-hypnotism did not exclude concern for everything save the victim's own interior, it would be reasonable to expect Mr. Grover Cleveland and Professor Norton to interest themselves in Ichangier de Cola, a brother in affliction. In them, as in him, there is that rounded completeness and finality of thought to which common men are strangers. Starting with the proposition that they are right and that additions to their knowledge are impossible, they dwell on a height of isolation—squat, as it were, on the summit of a capital I, even as St. Simon Stylites capped his pillar—from which the actual world is invisible. Such echoes from it as reach them on their eminences but serve as proof that wrong-headed presumption still cumbers the crowded, jostling plains below. At intervals, moved by a sense of duty to their inferiors, they send messages of instruction to the darkened minds of the backward millions, though not with any hope that the voice of wisdom will find hearers. Still, being human—which mortifies them—they do their duty and find compensation in their own high approval.

Ichangier de Cola in Bellevue, Grover Cleveland in Princeton and Professor Norton in Cambridge would grieve over the common world's lost condition were there room for grief in the breast of the adept in introspection. But what is full is full and cannot be increased. That is the joy of being self-hypnotized. Nothing that can happen, nothing that the gross many may do or say, can make any serious difference to you if you are a Cola, a Cleveland or a Norton, for, being one of the self-hypnotized, you are your own universe and the centre thereof, existing for your own glory and doing it with entire and calm success.

Nevertheless the gods have been unkind to Cola. Had they spared him the extra brain twist that gave him a most un-Mugwumpish thirst for blood, he might have continued to be at large with Mr. Cleveland and Professor Norton, in the unrestrained enjoyment of his own approval. Yet his present distress will rapidly vanish. Though he has fallen into the brutish hands of the Phillips, it will speedily be revealed to him that he is so much better and wiser than his keepers that the contrast between them and himself will more than compensate for his loss of mere physical liberty. The state of the martyr, the misunderstood, now as ever, exalts the spirit, and were it to come about that Mr. Cleveland and Professor Norton should be sent to join Ichangier de Cola, their conviction that wisdom and virtue dwell alone with them and their kind would not be disturbed but deepened, were deepening the bottomless thinkable thing.

IF ALL THE VIRTUES, civil and military, are not concentrated in the average Cuban soldier, what then? A people who have been born and bred under Spanish rule can hardly be expected to exhibit in excess the qualities of freedom.

The Cubans have fought bravely, desperately for liberty—remember that.

The best school for the development of capacity for self-government is the school of freedom.

Remember that, too.

ILLINOIS DEMOCRATS have put the initiative and referendum into their State platform. In other words, they have declared for two measures which when adopted will make a Democracy really a government by and for the people. This will make Illinois Democrats particularly obnoxious to that large class of newspapers which believe in government by and for the corporations, and the cries of "anarchy" are already beginning to arise.

A Large Bill
for the
Thenuz Fund.

500 REIS-BRAZILIAN BILL.

To the Editor of the Journal:

I have been keeping the enclosed with the hope of saving enough to go back home, but I cheerfully give this 500 reis to help build a monument or keep Colonel Thenuz's grave in order. Yours truly,

P. S.—This is a "has been," the same as the World.

ZOLA APPLAUDS THE NATIONAL POLICY.

France's Great Novelist

and Convicted Truth-

Teller Predicts a Tri-

umph for Liberty and

Justice in the Fulfill-

ment of the Journal's

American Policy.



EMILE ZOLA.

Paris, July 9.—This afternoon I showed the Journal's programme to M. Emile Zola. The illustrious novelist, having looked it over, said:

"The programme put forward by the Journal is a legitimate expression of a natural wish on the part of the United States to extend its sphere of action. It is an indication of the vitality and power of the country. In order to speak technically upon the different parts of the programme mentioned appropriate study is indispensable. For this I have not time. But my sympathies are entirely with the United States. I take this opportunity of expressing my unbounded admiration for the American Republic. I look forward with pleasing hope to its triumph, because I am sure the United States will always do battle for liberty and justice. Because of this belief I have no fear that the enormous power involved in the carrying out of the programme of the Journal would ever be misused. The sense of justice is strongly developed in the American people."

BICYCLE PATHS FOR SPEEDWAY INDORSED.

Men Who Represent Thousands of Wheelmen Advocate the Journal's Plan for Adding Bicycle Paths to the People's \$8,000,000 Speedway.

Judge McLean, as told in yesterday's Journal, threw the Speedway case of the wheelmen out of court. William F. Doll, however, will carry it to the Appellate Division. The question is whether the Park Board will be allowed to construe the law so as to exclude bicycles from the category of pleasure vehicles, and thus bar thousands from the people's thoroughfare. However it may be decided, the Journal's plan for two bicycle paths which will lessen the width of the Speedway by only five feet should be carried out. Here are some prominent wheelmen who advocate it.

R. E. SHAW, CAPTAIN OF THE HARLEM WHEELMEN—I, for one, believe that the Speedway belongs to the wheelmen as much as to the horsemen, and I can't see what right the L. A. W. has to barter away our privileges. The L. A. W. does not represent the wheelmen of this city, and while the officers of that association may hold to their promise to the horse owners, the individual wheelmen have made no such agreement, and they will support the Journal in its efforts to put an end to such class discrimination. We want a bicycle path. We have needed one for several years, and the Journal's suggestion is a good one.

J. T. DOUGHERTY, OFFICER OF THE MANHATTAN WHEELMEN—Such a bicycle path is needed, and the Journal has solved the problem. I can't speak for the Manhattan Wheelmen as a body, but from what I know of the individual opinion of the members I am sure that good use would be made of such a privilege. The Speedway is a magnificent location for such a path, and as it could be built without inconvenience to the horsemen we ought to have it.

T. A. ROE, OFFICER OF THE HARLEM WHEELMEN—The Journal's plan is a good one. It is just what the wheelmen want. I don't believe in that kind of legislation that permits the expenditure of \$8,000,000 for the construction of a speedway that may be used by a few hundred horsemen and that forbids the thousands of wheelmen in this city from making use of the road. If the Journal's plan could be carried out it would give bicyclists just the path they need.

J. H. GOODWIN, OFFICER OF THE CENTURY WHEELMEN AND REPRESENTATIVE TO L. A. W.—While the officers of the Century Wheelmen have been opposed to any plan that encroached upon the rights of the horsemen to the exclusive use of the Speedway, I will admit that the members of the club would be glad to have such a bicycle path constructed for them, and if the Journal's plan was carried out it would be an ideal riding place for the wheelmen.

LOUIS K. FRIES, PRESIDENT OF WESTCHESTER COUNTY WHEELMEN—I contend that the wheelmen are right in desiring to make use of at least a portion of the Speedway. A few feet could easily be set apart for them, not to be used as a racing or speeding path, but simply to enable them to follow the horses and watch the work they are doing. To forbid them to enter the Speedway is a gross injustice to thousands of people who are financially unable to own fast horses, but who enjoy seeing them at work.

ISAAC H. POTTER, PRESIDENT LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN—As an officer of the L. A. W. I have opposed any encroachment upon the rights of the horsemen, and I hold the same position to-day. I will say, however, that a bicycle path along the Harlem would be most delightful, and there can be no doubt that the wheeling public would appreciate and make good use of such a privilege.

NEWS OF ONE DAY
SEEN THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES.

James Alexander Beggs disappeared from his home October 13, 1897.

His wife has positively identified him at the Morgue. His father swears that the identification is not correct, and that the dead man is not his son.

One of the men at the Morgue told me, the other day, that every body which comes there is identified at least half a dozen times for at least half a dozen different people.

A friend of mine had a brother who walked out of the house one morning to get his boots blacked, and he never was seen again, dead or alive. The case got into the papers—and my friend was visited by eighteen strangers in less than two weeks—and every one of these strangers had some near relative, who had "disappeared," and who had never been traced one step beyond their own door stone.

The men at the Morgue can tell stories of grief and revenge, and love and hatred that try to reach into the still chambers of the dead, and drag a belated satisfaction from the quiet folk who lie there, that would make the average dramatist gasp with frightened incredulity. Truth is stranger than fiction, and a thousand times more interesting.

Mourning seems to be going entirely out of fashion. Gripe, or even plain black, is decidedly "bad form" just now.

A lady of the very highest society, who is announcing her engagement to a man of equal prominence, whose husband has not been dead one little year, and Mrs. Augustus Fish, who gave a dinner on the night that her husband's brother started to Cuba to bring home the body of his son, who was killed in battle, have stamped the disapproval of the "smart set" on the old-fashioned idea of a decent respect, not only for the dead, but for those who mourn for them.

The citizens of Tampa, Florida, are getting up an agitation in favor of presenting Admiral Cervera with a country estate in that fair land where the orange blommeth? Now, isn't there a little too much fattened calf in this prodigious son business? Who's going to present Sampson with a castle in Spain?

The police are raiding "illicit stills" in Cherry street, and the sergeant who headed the raid declares that the head "stillier" never said "you all" or "we uns" once during his somewhat animated conversation with the authorities, and he even insists that all the members of the gang talked in the very latest East Side dialect.

Fancy Chinamé Fadden lying in wait for revenue officers! No wonder the innocent-minded pilgrim from afar, who forms his idea of "still-raidings" on Charles Egbert Craddock, starts out to hunt for Indians in Pell street, and keeps a wary eye open for Buffalo, when he "treks" through Madison Square.

The ladies of Epiphany Church, Washington, D. C., are making pillow cases for the soldiers at the front. The idea? Do the ladies expect the fighting men to get along in the trenches with plain pillow cases? Where are the "shams"? WINIFRED BLACK.

EUROPEAN PAPERS ON THE THIEVING WORLD.

The Petit Journal, the Greatest Newspaper in Paris, Tells Frenchmen About Col. We Puffer the News.

[Le Petit Journal, Paris.]

Original French.

Le Journal de New-York avait fait insérer une fausse dépêche concernant la guerre et dans laquelle il était question d'un certain Colonel Replipe W. Thenuz. Le World reproduisit aussitôt cette dépêche, et la grande joie du Journal de New-York, qui se donna le lendemain, le matin, fut de voir "déblatrer le trac." Le nom du colonel, de pure imagination, était tout simplement l'anagramme de cette phrase: "We puffer the news, ce qui veut dire: Nous floutons les nouvelles."

English Translation.

The New York Journal printed a "fake" news dispatch about a certain Colonel Replipe W. Thenuz. The World at once reprinted this dispatch, to the great satisfaction of the Journal, which next day had the pleasure of exposing the theft. The name of the Colonel, a creature of the imagination, was simply the anagram of this phrase: "We puffer the news," which is to say: "We steal news."

An Overworked Goddess.

Since the Deweys and the Hobsons And the Sampsons and the Schleys Have been doing things to make us Cheer and land them to the skies— Since this war against the Spaniards Has been going on, there's one That is weary every evening, One whose work is never done, 'Tis the goddess that's presiding O'er the shining scroll of fame, Who is charged to do the writing Down of each new hero's name; From the sunrise till the sunset She is busy every day, Working overtime, without a Single cent of extra pay. —Chicago News.

The Whole Story.

Comes the German ship Irene to Subig Bay; Struts about and lies at anchor All the day; Tells insurgents not to shoot— Makes some little threats, to boot! The insurgents pipe to Dewey Right away. Still the Irene lies and basks in Subig Bay; Smiles to think how those insurgents Must obey. Comes a grim, old sea koodle From the land of "Yankee Doodle," And the German ship Irene just— Salls away! —Indianapolis Journal.

The World Stole the Rest.

[Yonkers (N. Y.) Herald.] There is much talk just now about news thieving, and "Colonel We-Puffer-the-News" has become one of the most notorious officers in the present war. The New York Herald and the Journal are especially aggrieved, which goes to prove that the war news of those papers is decidedly the most interesting, as it is most sought after.